

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cosper.*



SAM SHUCK "ON THE LOOSE" AGAIN.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

CHAPTER VI.—FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS!

DAFFODIL'S DELIGHT was in a state of commotion. It has been often remarked that there exists more real sympathy between the working classes, one for the other, than amongst those of a higher grade; and circumstances seem to bear it out. From one end of Daffodil's Delight to the other there ran just now a deep feeling of sorrow, of pity, of commiseration. Men made inquiries of each other as they passed in the street; women congregated at their doors to talk, concern on their faces, a question

on their lips—"How is she? What does the doctor say?"

Yes; the excitement had its rise in one cause alone—the increased illness of Mrs. Baxendale. The physician had pronounced his opinion (little need to speak it, though, for the fact was only too apparent to all who used their eyes), and the news had gone forth to Daffodil's Delight—Mrs. Baxendale was past recovery; was, in fact, dying!

The concern, universal as it was, showed itself in various ways. Visits and neighbourly calls were so incessant, that the Shucks openly rebelled at the

"trampling up and down" through their "living-room," by which route the Baxendale apartments could alone be gained. The neighbours came to help; to nurse; to shake up the bed and pillows; to prepare condiments over the fire; to condole and to gossip—with tears in their eyes and lamentation in their tones, and ominous shakes of the head, and uplifted hands; but still, to gossip—that lies in human female nature. They brought offerings of savoury delicacies, or things that, in their ideas, stood for delicacies—dainties likely to tempt the sick. Mrs. Cheek made a pint jug of what she called "buttered beer," a miscellaneous compound of scalding-hot porter, gin, eggs, sugar, and spice. Mrs. Baxendale sipped a little; but it did not agree with her palate, and she declined it for the future, with "thanks, all the same," and Mrs. Cheek and a crony or two disposed of it themselves with great satisfaction. All this served to prove two things—that good feeling ran high in Daffodil's Delight, and that means did not run low.

Of all the visitors, the most effectual assistant was Mrs. Quale. She gossiped, it is true, or it had not been Mrs. Quale; but she gave efficient help; and the invalid was always glad to see her come in, which could not be said with regard to all. Daffodil's Delight was not wrong in the judgment it passed upon Mary—that she was a "poor creature." True; poor as to being clever in a domestic point of view, or in attending upon the sick. In mind, in cultivation, in refinement, in gentleness, Mary Baxendale beat Daffodil's Delight hollow; she was also a beautiful seamstress; but in energy and capability Mary was sadly wanting. She was timid always—painfully timid in the sick-room; anxious to do for her mother all that was requisite, but scarcely knowing how to set about it. Mrs. Quale remedied this; she did the really efficient part; Mary gave love and gentleness; and, between the two, Mrs. Baxendale was thankful and happy.

John Baxendale, not a demonstrative man, was full of concern and grief. His had been a very happy home, free from domestic storms and clouds; and, to lose his wife was anything but a cheering prospect. His wages were good, and they had wanted for nothing, not even for peace. To such, when trouble comes, it seems hard to bear—it almost seems as if it came as a wrong.

"Just hold your tongue, John Baxendale," cried Mrs. Quale one day, upon hearing him express something to this effect. "Because you have never had no crosses, is it any reason that you never shall? No. Crosses are sure to come to us all sometime in our lives, in one shape or other."

"But it's a hard thing for it to come in this shape," retorted Baxendale, pointing to the bed. "I'm not repining or rebelling against what it pleases God to do; but I can't see the end of it. Look at some of the other wives in Daffodil's Delight; shrieking, raving trollops, turning their homes into a bear-garden with their tempers, and driving their husbands almost mad. If some of them were taken they'd never be missed: just the contrary."

"John," interposed Mrs. Baxendale in her quiet voice, "when I am gone up there"—pointing with her finger to the blue October sky—"it may make you think more of the time when you must come; may help you to be preparing for it, better than you have done."

Mary lifted her wan face, glowing now with the excitement of the thought. "Father, that may be the end. I think that God does send troubles in mercy, not in anger."

"Think?" ejaculated Mrs. Quale, tossing back her

head with a manner less reverent than her words. "Before you shall have come to my age, girl, it's to be hoped you'll know he does. Isn't it time for the medicine?"

She poured it out, raised the invalid from her pillow, and administered it. John Baxendale looked on. "How long is it since Dr. Bevary was here?" he asked.

"Let's see?" responded Mrs. Quale, who liked to have most of the talking to herself, wherever she might be. "This is Friday. Tuesday, wasn't it, Mary? Yes, he was here on Tuesday."

"But why does he not come oftener?" cried John in a tone of resentment. "When one is as ill as she is—in danger of dying—is it right that a doctor should never come a-near for three or four days?"

"Oh, John! a great physician like Dr. Bevary!" remonstrated his wife. "It is so very good of him to come at all. And for nothing, too! he as good as said to Mary he didn't mean to charge."

"I can pay him; I'm capable of paying him, I hope," spoke John Baxendale. "Who said I wanted my wife to be doctored out of charity?"

"It's not just that, father, I think," said Mary. "He comes more in a friendly way."

"Friendly or not, it isn't come to the pass yet, that I can't pay a doctor," said John Baxendale. And, taking up his hat, he went out.

Bending his steps to Dr. Bevary's, there he was civil and humble enough, for John Baxendale was courteous by nature. The Doctor was at home, and saw him.

"Listen, my good man," said Dr. Bevary, when he had caught somewhat of his errand. "If, by going round often, I could do any good to your wife, I should go twice a day, three times a day—by night, too, if necessary. But I cannot do her good: had she a doctor over her bed constantly, he could render no service. I step round now and then, because I see that it is a satisfaction to her, and to those about her; not for anything I can do. I told you a week ago the end was not very far off, and that she would meet it calmly. She will be in no further pain; no worse than she is now."

"I am able to pay you, sir."

"That is not the question. If you paid me a guinea every time I came round, I should visit her no more frequently than I do."

"And, if you please, sir, I'd rather pay you," continued the man. "I'm sure I don't grudge it; and it goes against the grain to have it said John Baxendale's wife is attended out of charity. We English workmen, sir, are independent, and proud of being so."

"Very good," said Dr. Bevary. "I should be sorry to see the day come when English workmen lost their independence. As to 'charity,' we will talk a bit about that. Look here, Baxendale," the Doctor added, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "you and I can speak reasonably together, as man to man. We both have to work for our living—you with the hands, I chiefly with the head—so, in that, we are equal. I go twice a week to see your wife: I have told you why it is useless to go oftener. When patients come to me, they pay me a guinea, and I see them twice for it, which is equivalent to half-a-guinea a visit; but, when I go to patients at their own houses, my fee is a guinea each time. Now, would it seem to you a neighbourly act that I should take two guineas weekly from your wages?—quite as much, or more, than you gain. What does my going round cost me? A few minutes' time; a gossip with Mrs. Quale, touching the doings of Daffodil's Delight,

and a groan at those thriftless Shucks, in their pigstye of a room. That is the plain statement of facts; and I should like to know what there is in it that need put your English spirit up. Charity! We might call it by that name, John Baxendale, if I were the guinea each time out of pocket through medicines or other things furnished to you."

John Baxendale smiled; but he looked only three parts convinced.

"Tush, man!" said the Doctor; "I may be asking you to do me some friendly service, one of these days, and then, you know, we should be quits. Eh, John?"

John Baxendale half put out his hand, and the Doctor shook it. "I think I understand now, sir; and I thank you heartily for what you have said. I only wish you could do some good to the wife."

"I wish I could, Baxendale," he called out, throwing a kindly glance at the man as he was moving away; "I shan't bring an action against you in the county court for these unpaid fees, Baxendale, for it wouldn't stand. I never was called in to see your wife; I went of my own accord, and have so continued to go, and shall so continue. Good day."

John Baxendale was descending the steps of the house door, when he encountered Mrs. Hunter. She stopped him to inquire after his wife.

"Getting weaker daily, ma'am, thank you. The Doctor has just told me again that there's no hope."

"I am truly sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Hunter. "I will call in and see her. I did intend to call before, but something or other has caused me to put it off."

John Baxendale touched his hat, and departed. Mrs. Hunter went in to her brother.

"Oh, is it you, Louisa?" he exclaimed. "A visit from you is somewhat a rarity. Are you feeling worse?"

"Rather better, I think, than usual. I have just met John Baxendale," continued Mrs. Hunter, sitting down and untying her bonnet strings. "He says there is no hope of his wife. Poor woman! I wish it had been different. Many a worse woman could have been better spared."

"Ah," said the Doctor, "if folks were taken according to our notions of whom might be best spared, what a world this might be! Where's Florence?"

"I did not bring her out with me, Robert. I came round to say a word to you about James," resumed Mrs. Hunter, her voice insensibly lowering itself to a tone of confidence. "Something is the matter with him; and I cannot imagine what."

"Been eating too many cucumbers again, no doubt," cried the Doctor. "He will go in at that cross-grained vegetable, let it be in season, or out."

"Eating!" returned Mrs. Hunter, "I wish he did eat. For at least a fortnight—more, I think—he has not eaten enough to support a bird. That he is ill, is evident to all—must be evident; but when I ask him what is the matter, he persists in it that he is quite well; that I am fanciful: is annoyed, in short, that I should allude to it. Has he been here to consult you?"

"No," replied Dr. Bevary; "this is the first I have heard of it. How does he seem? what are his symptoms?"

"It appears to me," said Mrs. Hunter, almost in a whisper, "that the malady is more on the mind. There is no palpable disorder. He is restless, nervous, agitated: so restless at night, that he has now taken to sleep in a room apart from mine—not to disturb me, he says. I fear—I fear he may have been attacked with some dangerous inward malady, which he is concealing. His father, you know, died of—"

"Nonsense, Louisa! you are indeed becoming fanciful," interrupted the Doctor. "Old Mr. Hunter died of an unusual disorder, I admit; but, if the symptoms of such appeared in either James or Henry, they would come galloping to me in hot haste, asking if my skill could suggest a preventive. It is no 'inward malady,' depend upon it. He has been smoking too much; or eating too much cucumber. When did you first notice him to be ill?"

"It is, I say, about a fortnight since. One evening there came a stranger to our house, a lady, and she would see him. He did not want to see her: he sent young Clay to her, who happened to be with us; but she insisted upon seeing James. They were closeted together a long while, before she left; and then James went out—on business, Mr. Clay said."

"Well?" cried Dr. Bevary. "What has the lady to do with it?"

"I am not sure that she has anything to do with it. Florence told an incomprehensible story about the lady's having gone into Baxendale's that afternoon, after seeing her uncle Henry in the street and mistaking him for James. A Miss—what was the name?—Gwinn, I think."

Dr. Bevary, who happened to have a small glass phial in his hand, let it fall to the ground; whether by inadvertence, or that the words startled him, he best knew. "Well?" was all he repeated, after he had gathered the pieces in his hand.

"I waited up till twelve o'clock, and James never came in. I heard him let himself in afterwards with his latch-key, and come up into the dressing-room. I called out to know where he had been, it is so unusual for him to stay out, and he said he was much occupied, and that I was to go to sleep, for he had some writing to do. But, Robert, instead of writing, he was pacing the house all night, out of one room into another; and in the morning—oh, I wish you could have seen him!—he looked wild, wan, haggard, as one does who has got up out of a long illness; and I am positive he had been weeping. From that time, I have noticed the change I tell you of. He seems like one going into his grave. But, whether the illness is upon the body or the mind, I know not."

Dr. Bevary appeared intent upon putting together the pieces of his phial, making them fit into each other. "It will all come right, Louisa; don't fret yourself: something must have gone cross in his business. I'll call in at the office and see him."

"Do not say that I have spoken to you. He seems to have quite a nervous dread of its being observed that anything is wrong with him; has spoken sharply, not in anger, but in anguish, when I have pressed the question. You can see what you think of him, and tell me afterwards."

The answer was only a nod; and Mrs. Hunter went out. Dr. Bevary remained in a brown study. His servant came in with an account that patient after patient was waiting for him, but the Doctor replied by a repelling gesture, and the man did not again dare intrude. Perplexity and pain sat upon his brow; and, when at last he did rouse himself, he raised aloft his hands, and gave utterance to words that sounded very like a prayer: "I pray Heaven it may not be so! It would kill Louisa."

The pale, delicate face of Mrs. Hunter was at that moment bending over the invalid in her bed. In her soft, grey silk dress and light shawl, her simple straw bonnet with its white ribbons, she looked just the right sort of visitor for a sick chamber; and her voice was sweet, and her manner gentle.

"No, ma'am, don't speak of hope to me," murmured Mrs. Baxendale. "I know that there is none left, and I

am quite reconciled to die. I have been an ailing body for years, dear lady; and it is wonderful how those that are so, get to look upon death, if the soul is safe, with satisfaction, rather than with dread."

"I have long been ailing too," softly replied Mrs. Hunter. "I am rarely free from pain, and I know that I shall never be healthy and strong again. But still—I do fear it would give me pain to die, were the fiat to come forth."

"Never fear, dear lady," cried the invalid, her eyes brightening. "Before the fiat does come, be assured that God will have reconciled you to it. Ah, ma'am, what matters it, after all? It is a journey we *must* take; and, if we are prepared, it is but the setting off a little sooner or a little later to our heavenly home. I got Mary to read me the burial service on Sunday: I was always fond of it, but I am past reading now. In one part thanks are given to God for that he has been pleased to deliver the dead out of the miseries of this sinful world. Ma'am, if he did not remove us to a better and a happier, would the living be directed to give thanks for our departure?"

"A spirit ripe for heaven," thought Mrs. Hunter, when she took her leave.

It was Mrs. Quale who piloted her through the room of the Shucks. Of all scenes of disorder and discomfort, about the worst reigned there. Sam had been—you must excuse the inelegance of the phrase, but it was much in vogue in Daffodil's Delight—"on the loose" again for a couple of days. He sat sprawling across the hearth, a pipe in his mouth and a pot of porter at his feet. The wife was crying with her hair down; the children were quarrelling in tatters; the dirt in the place, as Mrs. Quale expressed it, stood on end; and Mrs. Hunter wondered how folks could bear to live so.

"Now, Sam Shuck, don't you see who is a standing in your presence?" sharply cried Mrs. Quale.

Sam, his back to the staircase door, really had not seen. He threw his pipe into the grate, started up, and pulled his hair to Mrs. Hunter, in a very humble fashion. In his hurry he turned over a small child, and the contents of the pewter pot a-top of it. The child roared; the wife took it up and shook its clothes in Sam's face, restraining her tongue till the lady should be gone; and Mrs. Hunter stepped into the garden out of the *mêlée*—glad to get there: Sam following her in a spirit of politeness.

"How is it you are not at work to-day, Shuck?" she asked.

"I am going to-morrow; I shall go for certain ma'am."

"You know, Shuck, I never do interfere with Mr. Hunter's men," said Mrs. Hunter. "I consider that intelligent workmen, as you are, ought to be above any advice that I could offer. But I cannot help saying how sad it is that you should waste your time. Were you not discharged a little while ago, and taken on again under a specific promise, made by you to Mr. Henry Hunter, that you would be diligent in future?"

"I am diligent," grumbled Sam. "But why, ma'am, a chap must take holiday now and then. 'Tain't in human nature to be always having the shoulder to the wheel."

"Well, be cautious," said Mrs. Hunter. "If you offend again, and get discharged, I know they will not be so ready to take you back. Remember your little children, and be steady for their sakes."

Sam went indoors to his pipe, to his wife's tongue, and to despatch a child to get the pewter pot replenished. Mrs. Hunter stood listening to Mrs. Quale at her gate, who was astonishing her with the shortcomings of the Shucks, and prophesying that their destiny would be

the workhouse, when Austin Clay came forth from his apartments, to return to the yard.

Mrs. Hunter walked by his side: Mrs. Baxendale, Sam Shuck, and Daffodil's Delight generally, forming themes of converse. Austin raised his hat to her when they came to the gates of the yard.

"No, I am not about to part; I am going in with you," said Mrs. Hunter. "I want to speak just a word to my husband, if he is at liberty. Will you find him for me?"

"He has been in his private room all the morning, and is probably there still," said Austin.

He led the way down the passage, and knocked at the door, Mrs. Hunter following him. There was no answer; and believing, in consequence, that it was empty, he opened it.

Two gentlemen stood within it, near a table, paper and pens and ink before them, and what looked like a cheque-book. They must have been deeply absorbed not to have heard the knock. One was Mr. Hunter: the other—Austin recognised him—Gwinn the lawyer, of Ketterford. "I will not sign it!" Mr. Hunter was exclaiming, with passionate vehemence. "Five thousand pounds! it would cripple me for life."

"Then you know the alternative. I go this moment and—"

"Mrs. Hunter wishes to speak to you, sir," interposed Austin, drowning the words and speaking loudly. The gentlemen turned sharply round: and, when Mr. Hunter caught sight of his wife, the red passion of his face turned to a livid pallor.

Lawyer Gwinn nodded familiarly to Austin. "How are you, Clay? Getting on, I hope. Who is this person, may I ask?"

"This lady is Mrs. Hunter," haughtily replied Austin, after a pause, surprised that Mr. Hunter did not take up the words—the offensive manner in which they were spoken—the insulting look that accompanied them. But Mr. Hunter did not appear in a state to take anything up just then.

Gwinn bent his body to the ground. "I beg the lady's pardon. I had no idea she was Mrs. Hunter." But so ultra-courteous were the tones, so low the bow, that Austin Clay's cheeks burnt at the covert irony.

"James, you are ill," said Mrs. Hunter, advancing in her quiet, lady-like manner, but taking no notice whatever of the stranger. "Can I get anything for you? Shall we send for Dr. Bevary?"

"No, don't do that; it is going off. You will oblige me by leaving us," he whispered to her. "I am very busy."

"You seem too ill for business," she rejoined. "Can you not put it off? Rest might be of service to you."

"No, madam, the business cannot be put off," spoke up Lawyer Gwinn. And down he sat in a chair, with a determined air of quiet power: something like his sister had sat herself down, a fortnight before, in Mr. Hunter's hall.

AMERICAN SLAVERY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

To the honour of the members of the Society of Friends, they have ever been earnest, sensible, consistent, and influential advocates of the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery, and it is always interesting and instructive to read their personal experiences and opinions on that subject. The greatest republic, or union of states, hitherto known in the world's history, is at the present moment threatened with dismemberment, mainly through the antagonism of its component parts on the slavery

question. Let us see what a most intelligent and conscientious English Quaker thought and wrote on the subject of the "domestic institution" two generations ago.

Robert Sutcliff was the son of a physician at Sheffield, and by birth and education a Quaker. He became a merchant of considerable standing. Business matters induced him to visit the United States, and at length he settled there, and died near Philadelphia in 1811. His travels in America, during the years 1804, 1805, 1806, were published at York, in England, a few years subsequently. They are exceedingly interesting, and full of curious details. We especially are struck by the sincere piety, the strong common sense, the obvious desire to state the truth, and nothing but the truth, the occasionally keen foresight, the dignified firmness of style of this most worthy and estimable Friend, throughout his work. That he was, like all his peculiar brethren, emphatically the "negro's friend," we need hardly mention; but a most careful perusal of his travels convinces us that he observed things without permitting his "foregone conclusions" to prejudice his judgment, and we feel that we may unreservedly rely on the literal truth of his statements. We shall confine ourselves solely to his incidental observations of domestic slavery, only requesting the reader to bear in mind that at the commencement of this century there was no talk of the "abolition" of slavery in the United States; that at the time Sutcliff travelled, the English *slave trade* from Africa was not abolished, and that both North and South States, if not alike in practice, were pretty much on a level in a moral sense as to slavery.

Mr. Sutcliff had not proceeded far on his voyage ere he heard something which too vividly reminded him of the monstrous blot on the escutcheon of "Freedom's chosen isle." Two vessels ahead of the one he was in were scaling their cannon on the coast of Wales, opposite a high mountain, having chosen a position, as our Friend shrewdly remarks, "that would produce the greatest echo and noise—a disposition very prevalent in the world." They were a couple of outward-bound slavers. Only three years later, and the law declared their profession on a par with piracy.

It was in the vicinity of Alexandria that the traveller first visited a slave-holding family. They were ladies of ancient lineage, and their ancestors came over in the early days of the settlement, bringing with them in the same ship the bricks of which the house was built. They now owned above a hundred negro slaves, remarkably robust and healthy. Mr. Sutcliff remarks, that one would naturally expect that where many slaves are employed about a house and garden, everything would be kept in excellent order, but that the reverse is the fact; and he often thought that the more slaves employed about a house, the greater the disorder. "I am persuaded," adds he, "that in a well-regulated family, with one or two hired servants, much more neatness, order, and comfort may be preserved, than can be maintained by treble the number of slaves."

Half a century before Mrs. Stowe presented her sable hero, "Dred," to a sympathizing world, there existed a real living Dred, to the full as heroic and lofty-minded as her imaginary creation. As our Friend travelled by the mail stage to Richmond, in Virginia, when within a few miles of the latter city he passed a field in which several slaves had recently been executed, "on the charge of *having an intention to rise against their masters*." A lawyer, who was present at their trials at Richmond, informed me that, on one of them being asked what he had to say to the court in his defence, he replied, in a manly tone of voice, 'I have nothing more to offer than what

General Washington would have had to offer, had he been taken by the British, and put to trial by them. I have adventured my life in endeavouring to obtain the liberty of my countrymen, and am a willing sacrifice in their cause; and I beg as a favour, that I may be immediately led to execution. I know that you have predetermined to shed my blood—why, then, all this mockery of a trial?" Dred himself could not have surpassed this had he met with a like tragical end.

A few days afterwards, at Fredericksburgh, our Friend had a talk with an inspector of tobacco, who lamented the shocking immorality there prevalent, owing to the soul-hardening influence of domestic slavery. "Such was the brutality and hardness of heart which this evil produced, that many among them paid no more regard to selling their own children by their female slaves, or even their brothers and sisters in the same line, than they would do to the disposal of a horse, or any other property in the brute creation. To so low a degradation does the system of negro slavery sink the white inhabitants who are unhappily engaged in it." Mrs. Stowe has told us nothing worse.

The underground railway, of which we hear so much now-a-days, was probably in its infancy threescore years ago, and yet it did exist even then, as the following anecdote testifies. When our friend was travelling in the stage from Baltimore, he and others entered into a conversation about the negroes whom they frequently passed at work in the fields. "I observed one passenger to be a warm advocate of the slave trade; and he in very strong terms condemned the conduct of Friends who were active in the cause of the negro. Amongst other things, he remarked that there was a tailor in Philadelphia, a Quaker, whose work-board being at a front window, he had an opportunity of noticing the passengers in the street; and that, whenever he saw a negro whom he judged to be a runaway slave, he would in a moment jump from his work-board, and run into the street. If he found the negro to be really a runaway, he would take him under his protection, and send him to some settlement in the back parts of Pennsylvania, where he would be sure to find employment; and thus he went on from day to day, in what the slave merchant considered no better than highway robbery. The man who was making these observations I found had been in that trade [slave-dealing], and that T. Harrison was the Friend who had, with much propriety, been a father to the oppressed negroes." Really, we rub our eyes after reading the above passage, and ask ourselves whether "T. Harrison," tailor, of Philadelphia, is not the veritable prototype of the benevolent Quaker in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who succoured and forwarded Harris by the underground railway? And yet "'tis sixty years ago!" as the plain types and dates of the York printer of this volume avouch.

At the city of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, our Friend visited Dr. Rush, who had been "intimately acquainted with many of the leading characters in the revolution, particularly with General Washington and the president, T. Jefferson. As Dr. Rush had constantly been a warm advocate for the abolition of negro slavery, he sometimes endeavoured to introduce the subject in conversation with the General, but always found him extremely backward at saying anything on these occasions, as if conscious of the cruelty of the practice, although he was deeply involved in it. Though a man of great character and talents, in many respects, yet the detention of his negro slaves in bondage during his life will always be a shade to his virtues. Yet it is but justice to notice, that by will he provided for the liberation of his slaves,

who in course became freemen at his death." To this we add, that we have repeatedly read—and we fear the statement is a fact—that President Jefferson actually sold his own daughter by a slave. The charge has never been refuted, and has been repeated by Judge Haliburton, in his recently published "Season Ticket."

Between Philadelphia and New York our Friend had a tough argument with a man engaged in slave traffic, of whom he says: "At length, being hard pressed, he gave up the point, in a good deal of warmth, with this remarkable declaration—'Why, sir, you can't suppose that the Almighty looks so narrowly into our actions as you do!'"

Here is another bit that looks wondrously like a page from "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." Leaving Baltimore, our Friend passed a Carolina slave-dealer with a gang of slaves—men, women, and children. "Some of them appeared much dejected, and, on my questioning them, they told me they were taken from their relatives and friends by force. One of the females being known to a black man in the stage, he asked her how she came there, knowing her to be a free black. She replied that, some time since, her husband had been taken from her and carried into the Carolinas, and that she had determined to follow him in his bondage. This appeared to be a remarkable proof of conjugal affection, and showed a high degree of sensibility; but, in following her husband, there is great reason to fear, from the conduct of these slave merchants, that she herself would be sold as a slave by this man, who, under pretence of taking her to her husband, would probably betray her."

Again at Richmond. "Through a country cultivated by black slaves; where, as a matter of course, poverty and wretchedness seem to abound. The different appearance of those States in which slaves are employed, when compared with Pennsylvania and the other States where slavery is not permitted, is truly astonishing. It frequently happens here, as in other places, that the white inhabitants, in selling the offspring of these poor debased females, sell their own sons and daughters, with as much indifference as they would sell their cattle. By such means every tender sentiment of the human breast is laid waste, and men become so degraded that their feelings rank but little above those of the beasts of the field. In the treatment of their offspring, how far do some of the brute creation surpass them?"

Mr. Sutcliffe repeatedly comments on the palpable inferiority of slave to free labour, and the unprosperous appearance of the Southern in comparison with the Northern States. He found slaves very numerous in Maryland. One farmer had above 200, and owned a couple who were "valued at more than £400, on account of their stout, healthy children, whom he could sell at a very high price when young. From the information I received, it appeared that breeding slaves was the best part of his business." Of late years it has been the "business" of hundreds or thousands.

The atrocious cruelties to slaves, so graphically described by Mrs. Stowe and others, were paralleled sixty years ago. A slave-owner missed a piece of leather, and charged a boy, a slave of his, with stealing it. The boy denied this, and his inhuman master literally flogged him to death to extort a confession. Hardly had the victim expired ere the master's own son admitted that he had stolen the leather. The murderer escaped punishment—as usual in such cases, both then and now. Modes of punishing runaway slaves were as ingenious and revolting at the commencement as at the middle of this century. Our Friend saw a black boy "round whose neck an iron collar was locked, and from each

side of it an iron bow passed over his head." He also saw a scene which vividly reminds us of a similar one in "Uncle Tom." "In travelling this day I passed by a company of black slaves, chained together, with a white man of a savage countenance, holding a large pistol in his hand, driving them before him. Behind was a cart, in which were some negro children who had been torn from their parents by this member of civilized and polished society, who was now taking them down into Georgia, there to remain in abject slavery for life."

Even Uncle Tom was not more valued and intrusted by his first owner than a black slave who lived near Baltimore. For many years prior to our Friend's visit, and at that time, the master used to send the slave to sell produce and transact business at Baltimore. Large sums of money thus passed through the hands of the "chattel," whose integrity was inviolate. And how was he rewarded? He had a wife and large family. Being allowed a small weekly portion of time to labour for their benefit, and by working over-hours, and doing errands at Baltimore for neighbours, he managed to scrape together £200 of his own. This he offered to his master for the freedom of his family and self (then fifty years of age), but the owner absolutely refused to give him or sell him freedom on any terms, alleging as a reason "that he could not meet with another in whom he could so confide." A friend of Mr. Sutcliffe strove to induce the owner to be more just and merciful, but in vain, although the only ground of refusal "was the uprightness and integrity of the slave." And so the poor fellow and his family remained chattels. Honesty in a slave was thus virtually punished as a crime.

Kidnapping free blacks was extensively practised by gangs of miscreants from Georgia, who carried off whole families in the night from Maryland. "They take them," says our author, "on board small vessels in the neighbouring creeks, and so ship them off to the Georgias and Carolinas, when they are sold to the planters." He saw some free blacks who had been thus seized and subsequently rescued. "Not long ago," he adds, "a mother with seven children was thus carried off in the dead of the night from this neighbourhood. This flagrant act deeply excited Joshua Rowland's attention; and, after riding nearly one thousand miles, he was enabled to rescue the whole family, and bring them safe home to their native place, although they had been dispersed and sold into various hands by the kidnappers, in different parts of Georgia."

We have quoted enough to show that in reality slavery now-a-days is in every essential respect the same as sixty years ago. The horrible "business" of breeding slaves; the kidnapping of free persons of colour; the virtual power of owners to torture their slaves to death with perfect impunity; and nearly every other leading peculiarity of Southern slavery are identical at the two epochs. It would seem as though the lapse of time and the progress of civilization make not the slightest difference in the condition of a domestic slave. Once a "property," he must ever remain such, and, from one cause or another, his lot appears incapable of any effectual amelioration. There is no medium between absolute slavery and freedom. Either the four millions of American bondsmen and bondswomen must remain as they are, or become entirely free. In the very nature of things there can be no sound nor just compromise between freedom and slavery.

In conclusion, Mr. Sutcliffe gives his opinion that the free Northern States of the Union will, if they persevere, succeed in inducing the South "to relinquish the in-

famous and debasing system of personal slavery;" but he never seems to have had the faintest idea that the Abolition question would ever tend to a "secession" of States, or a disruption of the Federal Union.

A DAY IN PESTH AND BUDA.

It was a glorious morning in the middle of June, 1861, when we started from Vienna on an excursion to Pesth. The Viennese are early people; and when we crossed St. Stephen's Square, at half-past five, we were surprised at the numbers of passers to and fro. At one of the large cafés several people were at breakfast, and one lady was even enjoying an ice at that early hour. It was a long hot walk down to the quay of the canal, or branch of the Danube from which the steamers start. Here we found a motley crowd assembled, which consisted principally of spectators and of those who had come to witness the departure of their friends. We took first-class return tickets to Pesth, which were wonderfully cheap—only twelve florins and a half—less than £1 each, for a distance of nearly 400 miles. Competition with the railway, and the return journey against the stream being longer and somewhat tedious, are the reasons why the fares are so moderate. We went on board a very small steamer, which was to take us to the larger steamer moored in the Danube; and so great was the number of passengers that there was scarcely standing, much less sitting-room. There were Austrian officers, in their gay uniforms; Hungarians, young and old, in all the various fashions of their fantastic national costume; Turks returning to their country; Greeks, in their red fezzes; an Armenian priest of venerable appearance, with a long beard, square cap, and purple cassock, accompanied by his wife, whose dress was very peculiar; Jews, with their long black coats, grizzly beards, and hooked noses; ladies, both German and Hungarian, with a greater excess of crinoline than can be imagined in England, with nurses and children in attendance.

Punctually at 6.30 we steamed off along the canal, the Prater with its trees and the palace and gardens of Prince Lichtenstein on one side, and large factories, gas-works and barracks on the other. In about half an hour we reached the Danube, and came alongside of the large steamer—the "Empress Elizabeth"—which was waiting for us. Here we could no longer complain of want of room, as the steamers which ply on the Danube, below Vienna, are very large and most comfortably fitted up.

The river here is very wide, and full of low flat islands covered with trees; the largest of them, close to which we were moored, is Lobau, into which Napoleon and all his army were driven after the Battle of Aspern, where he narrowly escaped not only defeat but capture from the hands of the Archduke Charles. At seven we steamed off down the river; the current is very strong, and carried us down at a rapid rate: the navigation through all these islands is rather difficult. The scenery on the Danube, between Vienna and Pesth, is on the whole tame and uninteresting, very different from the grandeur of the river between Linz and Vienna; there are, however, some fine points, and after passing the islands, and on approaching Deutsch Altenburg, its banks are pleasing and varied. Thence to Presburg, the mountains are higher and the course of the river very winding. The situation of Presburg, where the steamer stops about half an hour, is very picturesque. Behind the town, on the summit of a lofty hill, is the Royal Palace, with four high towers: it is now an entire ruin, having been de-

stroyed by fire in 1811. Presburg was formerly the capital of Hungary, and the place of the coronation of its kings; but it is now a dull and decayed town, containing nothing to interest a passing stranger. After leaving Presburg the scenery is most uninteresting; the country frequently flat and marshy, the Danube very wide, and divided into numerous branches; not a town or village, and scarcely a human habitation is to be seen for miles. The sun was extremely hot; there was scarcely a breath of air, and many of the passengers retired to their berths and went to sleep. We had a great many Hungarians on board, who all smoked incessantly. At 12 o'clock we dined at a very good *table d'hôte*, and soon after stopped at Komorn. This is one of the strongest fortresses in Europe; it is a dull-looking place, situated in a flat country; it is full of huge barracks and strong fortifications, which extend to both sides of the river. It is the boast of the inhabitants of Komorn, that their town has never been taken. In 1848-49, the Hungarians, under Klapka, held it against all the efforts of the Austrians to capture it. An Austrian officer on the steamer, with whom I had some pleasant conversation, told me that the government had now taken the precaution of garrisoning it with faithful Polish troops, who could well be depended upon, in case of another Hungarian rebellion.

Soon after Komorn the country began to improve, and we passed through a fertile and richly cultivated district, full of cornfields, with the slopes behind covered with vineyards. The city of Gran is prettily situated; in the centre rises a high hill on which stands the Cathedral, a fine building in the Italian style, with a lofty dome; it is the most extensive modern building in Hungary. The Archbishop of Gran is Primate of all Hungary, and is said to be the richest prelate in Europe. His annual revenue, previous to 1848, was between £40,000 and £50,000. The Danube here becomes very beautiful. It is bounded on each side by a lofty range of porphyry mountains, while vineyards and cornfields line its banks. After flowing in a contracted channel it becomes suddenly wide as a lake. Vissegrad is certainly the most picturesque spot between Vienna and Pesth. Above the town, on the summit of a precipitous rock, stand the towers and battlements of an ancient and now ruined palace of the Hungarian kings. Flat country succeeds, and a sudden bend brings us to the town of Waitzen, with a large and conspicuous cathedral. Shortly after leaving Waitzen we discerned in the extreme distance the lofty fortress of the Blocksberg, which rises behind the city of Buda; and the numerous steamers and small craft, which we now constantly met, indicated our approach to the Hungarian capital.

For beauty and grandeur of situation, combined with great commercial advantages, Pesth and Buda can yield the palm to but few European capitals. It was a splendid cloudless evening, the sun was near setting, and had tinged the whole landscape in rich hues of roseate and gold. The nearer we approached them the more we were struck by the imposing appearance of the two cities. To the left the modern Pesth, with its broad quays lined with a succession of magnificent white buildings which all looked like palaces; to the right the old picturesque eastern-looking city of Buda, its quaint houses built against the sharp declivity of a rocky hill, which is crowned on its summit by a grand range of fine buildings, the royal palace, arsenal, etc., and several churches. Farther on rises the dark, lofty, barren rock of the Blocksberg, frowning down into the Danube, and covered all over with walls and towers and fortifications, terminating in a huge fortress on the top, which in a few

hours could lay Pesth in ashes. Connecting these two towns is the splendid suspension bridge, built by an Englishman, Tiernay Clark, and one of the finest in Europe. The Danube presents a most animated scene, being covered with moving craft of all sorts and sizes, and the quays on both sides lined with steamers and other large vessels. We first landed our passengers at Buda, or Ofen, as it is called in Germany, and then, passing under the bridge, crossed over to Pesth, where we were moored alongside of the broad quay.

Immediately on landing, each passenger was assailed by a crowd of the most ragged, dirty, wretched-looking boys I ever beheld; some of them were nearly naked: they surpassed the Italians in dirt, and vice and cunning were depicted on their countenances. They endeavoured to get possession of any carpet-bag or small article which any one was carrying, and did not scruple to use force to attain their end. One unfortunate gentleman who had a number of small parcels, and who was quite unprepared for so violent an attack, was deprived of them all, while all his efforts to re-capture his property were perfectly fruitless. With a small bag in one hand, and a bundle of coats in the other, I valiantly defended myself against these young barbarians, in which my two lady companions were also successful, and we made our way through the crowd, and along the sandy dusty quay to the immense hotel of the "Queen of England." This we unfortunately found full; so we had to wander forth in search of another; and at last took up our quarters at the "King of Hungary," a hotel by no means to be recommended; here we could only get rooms on the fifth story, close, dirty and uncomfortable.

We soon started off for an evening walk in the streets of Pesth, and, passing through a fine large square, came to a broad street full of grand shops, which, though it was nearly eight o'clock, were still open—a proof that the Hungarians are by no means such friends of the early closing movement as the Germans. This street, the Waitzen Strasse, is the Regent Street of Pesth, and was thronged at this hour, which seems to be the time of the fashionable promenade with the *élite* of the city. The appearance of the ladies was most extraordinary; they were mostly arrayed in white muslin dresses, with an immense superabundance of crinoline; many had bare necks and arms, as if they were going to a party, and all had large feathers in their hats. All had some black in their costume, and black flags were here and there hung across the street. This was in memory of Count Teleki, a popular member of the Diet, who had lately committed suicide. All the gentlemen were, without exception, dressed in the national costume—coats covered with braid and tassels, tight trowsers, Hessian boots, and turban hats adorned with feathers. Crowds of men were sitting smoking before all the cafés, and it was no easy matter to make one's way along the street. Altogether it was a novel and amusing sight. We had some trouble to find a restaurant, and at last entered one of imposing exterior, which proved to be by no means first-rate, the company assembled there being of the lowest classes. The fare, however, was quite unexceptionable, though everything was highly seasoned with red pepper.

The heat and the noise in the hotel did not allow us much sleep. We were up early, and went to breakfast at a large café on the quay, which was crowded with people drinking coffee, eating ices, and smoking. The waiters here having probably discovered that we were English, showed us the greatest politeness, and overwhelmed us with the illustrated newspapers of all parts of the world.

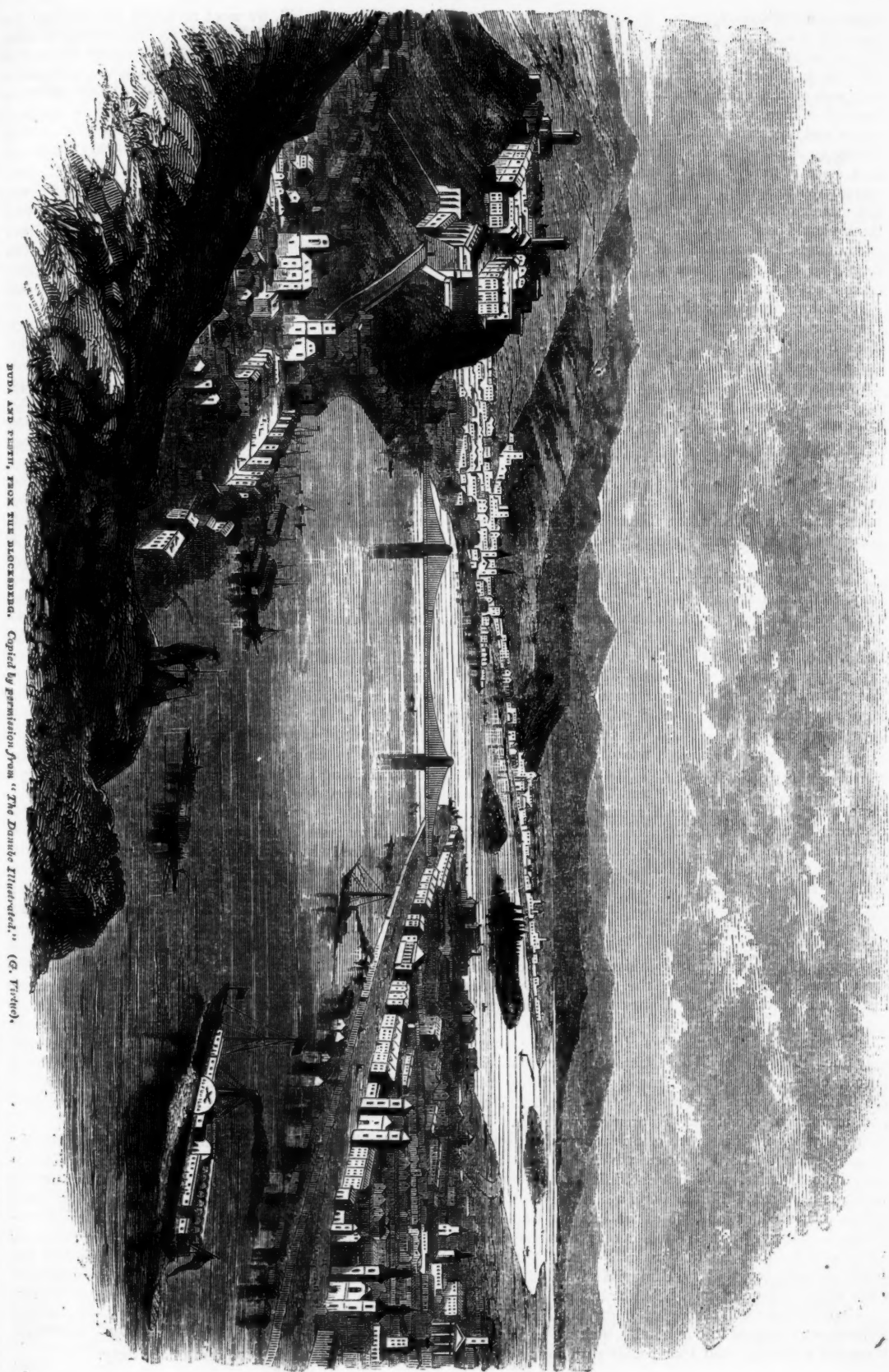
In hot weather, Pesth is one of the most disagreeable

places imaginable; the streets are very wide, the houses very new and white, the soil very sandy, and with the slightest wind the dust is insufferable; the glare is blinding under a June sun: and, as nearly every street and square is unfinished, and large houses are everywhere being built, carts, wheelbarrows, and workmen constantly encumber the pavement. We soon had enough of the noise, dust, and bustle in Pesth, and determined to cross the bridge to Buda.

On our way we met a large body of Austrian soldiers, who had just come over from the other side; each man had a sprig of green in his shako: it was probably some fête day. They were accompanied by a good band. The view from the bridge, of the two cities and of the Danube, (which is here wider than the Thames at London Bridge,) covered with steamers and sailing vessels, is very fine.

We found Buda a complete contrast to Pesth. The streets are narrow and irregular, the houses old and dilapidated, and there appeared to be but little traffic. There is but one long street by the side of the river; immediately behind this rises a steep rocky hill, which is crowned with gardens and vineyards, with here and there a few houses; winding paths and steep flights of steps lead to the summit. It was rather warm work getting up. The upper town of Buda, called the Festung, (fortress,) is proudly situated on the top of this rock, 485 feet above the river. The original fortress, which in three centuries braved twenty sieges, from Turks and Italians, now exists no longer, and strong modern fortifications supply its place. Our road led us to a handsome square, in which are some large public buildings, the finest of which is the arsenal. A little farther on is the modern royal palace, a very fine building, surrounded by a beautiful garden always open to the public. From hence we had a magnificent view on all sides. Beneath us the broad river, spanned by the splendid bridge; beyond, Pesth, the brilliant modern town, glowing with all its white buildings and crowded quays, in the dazzling sunshine, backed by an immense flat plain which extends as far as the eye can reach. To the right, with the crowded and irregular houses of Buda between us and it, rises the lofty, precipitous hill of the Blocksberg, crowned with its giant fortress. Behind us to the south, is another part of Buda, inhabited entirely by the lower classes, consisting of very small one-storied houses, all crowded together in the strangest confusion on the slopes of the hills, which everywhere rise on this side, and, without trees, but here and there a few patches of vineyards, have a bleak and desolate aspect.

Leaving my companions in the garden, I descended by a flight of steps in a sort of tunnel to the town beneath, and walked along the dirty street of Buda to the foot of the Blocksberg, where is a Turkish bath, which is considered by travellers one of the chief sights of Buda. Hot springs stream from the foot of the Blocksberg, which were highly appreciated by the ancient Romans and Turks, to whom successively Buda belonged. One bath remains in a perfect state of preservation, and is now used only by the lower orders. In a court yard before it, I saw several ragged-looking people in scanty clothing lying on the ground or on benches. I applied to a woman who was selling tickets of admission to the bath to be allowed to see it, and she called a man to conduct me to it. He led me across the courtyard to a door, which he opened, and through which I followed him into what at first seemed darkness accompanied by thick sulphureous steam. Soon, however, I began to see more clearly, and found myself in a large circular building supported by pillars, with a dome-shaped roof with an aperture at the top, which let in the only light, and let out some of the



BUDA AND PESTH, FROM THE SLOPESIDE. Copied by permission from "The Danube Illustrated." (G. Fisher).

steam and noxious vapours. In the centre was a round tank full of hot water, and on the opposite side to which my guide led me, the fountain from whence the water bubbled up, almost at boiling heat. The most disagreeable part of the exhibition, however, was that the place was full of men, women and children, some enjoying the steam and excessive heat, others washing themselves or sitting or standing in the water. The whole were nearly in a state of nudity, and a more disgusting sight can scarcely be imagined. It does not speak well either for the morals of the people or the government, that such a thing should be allowed. Though only in the place about two minutes, I was soaked through with steam; and was very glad to bestow some coppers on my guide, and make a hasty retreat.

Rejoining my companions, we waited at one of the quays for a steamer, which took us, in about a quarter of an hour, to Kaiserbad, a new suburb of Buda, which has all the appearance of a small German spa. Here are gardens with seats and shady trees, several quite new bath-houses, a large café and restaurant, where a band was playing, and two good swimming-baths, one for ladies and the other for gentlemen. I was surprised to find this establishment, at this time of day—twelve o'clock—so full of idle young men, who seemed to have nothing to do but lounge about the gardens and colonnades, smoking. The water, beautifully clear and green, is supplied from mineral springs, which are the attraction of the place.

Returning to Pesth we crossed the burning, dazzling quay, to the nearest hotel—the “Archduke Stephen”—where we had a very comfortable dinner in the cool and shady courtyard. There is a fine Greek church at Pesth, and, as we heard that there is service in it every day at three, we set off thither directly after dinner. The church was not open for some time, and all the service we could find consisted only in two very dirty boys ringing a bell. At last we succeeded in getting in by a side door; the church was one mass of painting and gilding, very gaudy and tasteless. We waited some time; but, as there seemed to be no service, we came away. We were much struck by the very few churches of any kind in Pesth and Buda, in proportion to their size. From the Greek church we had a long, hot walk, through fine wide streets, many of them unfinished and very dusty, to the National Museum, a very fine large edifice, with a Corinthian portico. We entered at a side door, and came into a large courtyard. As the museum was not open to the public that day, we had some difficulty in gaining admission. The collections are extremely well arranged; the antiquities have been discovered exclusively in Hungary or Transylvania; most of them are Roman pottery, bronzes, weapons, etc. The Etruscan gold ornaments and jewellery are remarkably fine. The mediæval collection—glass, crystal, plate, jewels, etc.—is splendid. Among the historical relics are Turkish banners and scimitars, swords, battle-axes, and armour of celebrated Hungarian warriors. In a mahogany box in the centre of one room is preserved a walking-stick of Lord Nelson, which he gave to the Archduke Charles, who presented it to the museum. There is a splendid library here, a natural history and several other collections, which we had not time to see. Count Szeckenyi was the founder of the museum, as of many of the public institutions of Pesth. It is in this large building, too, that the Hungarian Diet, of which we have heard so much lately, held its sittings.

After another stroll through the gay, bustling Waitzen Strasse, we returned to our hotel, which we had not seen since the morning; and after packing up our few things

and paying our bill, we went on board our steamer, the “Empress Elizabeth,” which at six o'clock was to start back to Vienna. We had rather strange fellow-passengers, nearly all Hungarian. Some of the ladies were dressed quite as for an evening party, and not for a night voyage in a steamer. It was a lovely evening; we remained on deck till late, enjoying the cool air after the heat of the day, and admiring the beautiful pale moon, shining from a cloudless sky on the calm waters of the Danube, and its picturesque shores. The journey against the stream to Vienna the next day was very tedious, and the heat extremely oppressive. The sun was scorching, and not a breath of air could anywhere be felt. We did not arrive at Vienna till three o'clock; and though certainly rather tired, were much pleased and amused with our peep at Hungary.

THE PENNY-A-LINER.

The penny-a-liner is a kind of supplementary or supernumerary reporter to the newspaper press, who gets his living by the exercise of a peculiar vocation, to which he has rarely been trained, but which he has assumed either under the pressure of circumstances, or from a liking to a calling which, as it often casts up a good prize to its followers, is not wanting in excitement. In order to understand his rather undefined position, we must glance for a moment at the reporting department of newspaper management. As everybody who buys a morning paper expects to find within its columns an account of everything of public interest which has taken place during the last twenty-four hours, so is it the chief care of the general editor that the customer shall not be disappointed in this respect, but that the journal he controls shall be a complete record of facts, containing a summary of all events which the public are curious to know. It is the satisfying of this endless craving for news, which is the great source of newspaper expenses. The staff of writers who have to supply it, comprise the foreign correspondents, residing in the capitals of every nation in Europe; the gentlemen despatched to battle fields—to the theatres of revolution—to the scenes of great calamities, such as famines, massacres, earthquakes, etc., and the agents in the colonies, who send budgets of news by every mail. Then, there are the home staff of reporters—the men who toil nightly during the session in the galleries of the Lords and Commons' Houses—those who attend the police courts, the criminal courts, the bankrupt court; those who are always present at public meetings, scientific or political, commercial or literary, or who follow the speech-making members in their rustivating tours, and who always press in wherever a great man is about to perpetrate a great talk. Besides all these, there are others available for any special or unlooked-for event which may need watching and chronicling, and who will fly, at a moment's notice, from one end of the kingdom to another, or even across the sea, to perform their allotted task.

Still, with all this huge and expensive provision for the gathering of intelligence, there is a wide field left unoccupied, for which no foresight can possibly provide—the field of accident, to wit—and something more, which will constantly furnish material quite as interesting to the public as that which emanates from the senate or is brought ten thousand miles across land and sea. It is this field that is occupied by the penny-a-liner, and which he would like to keep to himself, though he cannot do that, because, if he chance to pounce upon a matter of any importance, the staff reporter will be put upon his track; and relieve him of the duty.

The field of accident comprises a vast number of events, which, in a large city, may fitly come under that denomination; there are not only accidents proper—such as sudden deaths, fractures, the falling of scaffoldings or buildings, drownings, crushings by wheeled vehicles, railway smashes, collisions in the river, fires, floods, poisonings, apoplexies, etc.—but also murders, quarrellings, fightings, mob riots, suicides, thefts, robberies, housebreakings, assaults, and crimes of all kinds. Nay, the field is still wider, for it takes in all kinds of monstrosities and natural curiosities, from a calf with two heads to a gooseberry five inches in the girth, and all kinds of interesting trifles, such as the apparition of Lord Palmerston, with a straw in his mouth, promenading Pall Mall, or the vision of Deerfoot in the parlour of the "Pig and Whistle!" There is, in fact, no circumscribing the field of accident; for a P.L. of genius may extend its horizon to indefinite extent, and make the whole kingdom of nature subservient to his purpose.

The penny-a-liner is not usually oppressed with a sense of bashfulness in the pursuit of his vocation, and even modesty is a virtue of which he has little need. On the contrary, he is rather given to pushing himself forward, and is often found in company where he is least expected or desired. Thus, on more than one occasion, when it has been our melancholy duty to attend an inquest at the summons of the coroner, we have found him making the thirteenth among the "good men and true," and evading all attempts on the part of the coroner to make him withdraw. And again, when poor Bowdler, the barber, made that insane attempt on his own life in his shop, there was P.L. assisting the wounded man upstairs, getting him to bed, and listening patiently to the long tale of sorrows and struggles poured into his willing ear by Mrs. B., who little expected, poor woman, that the whole narrative would appear in print next day in five of the morning papers, or dreamed what a good thing that sympathizing gentleman was making of it.

The reader will scarcely require to be informed that the penny-a-liner takes his designation from his being paid so much a line, (the sum used to be a penny, but it is now nearly double that,) by the proprietors of newspapers for so much of his information as they choose to print. The details of his profession are pretty much as follows. Supposing him, on going forth to his labours in the city, to have stumbled upon, or ferreted out some accident or event capable of being converted into marketable news, his first care is to gather all the particulars, both by observation and inquiry, that can be had. He then makes for the nearest coffee-house, and, pulling his manifold-writer from his pocket, arranges six or eight sheets of thinnest paper, technically called "flimsy," between as many sheets of blackened tracing paper. Upon the top sheet he writes his account of the matter with a metallic pencil, pressing it firmly on the paper all the time. When he has done, he draws out the "flimsies," on each of which is a fac simile of the page written with the pencil, and which has been impressed by means of the tracing-paper. Thus, he has six or eight copies of the account, and these he despatches immediately to as many newspaper offices. Whether any or all of them will be printed he will not know until to-morrow morning; it may be that the editors of some papers will think the matter of no importance, and reject it; or it may be that others have their columns full, and cannot make room for it; or, what is just as likely, he may have been anticipated by some brother of the trade, and, his MS. arriving too late, is cast aside. He runs the risk of these chances; but when the morrow comes, he ex-

amines all the papers to which he has sent his copy, and if any of them have printed it, he debits them immediately in his day-book with the amount due at so much a line; but he has no claim upon those who do not print his matter. It will be seen that, when accidents are rife, the profession must be pretty lucrative; it must be a paltry event that will not furnish a couple of dozen lines, for instance; now, twenty-four lines at threehalf-pence come to three shillings, and three, multiplied by eight, make £1 4s.; so that a guinea is earned easily enough, when fortune, or rather misfortune, is propitious. The worst of it is, that a man, be he ever so industrious, cannot make events and calamities; and if he invent them, as ingenious fellows have done before now, he will be sure to be discovered, and then his character and occupation are gone for ever.

The great harvests of the penny-a-liners are the monster fires which occur now and then in the metropolis; the fatal railway smashes; the atrocious murders and assassinations, and all such crimes and calamities as have sufficient mystery connected with them, to keep up the public curiosity and maintain the popular mind in a state of uncertainty. In these cases, the P.L. often deviates from the region of plain fact, and indulges in speculations more or less highly spiced, with the natural and ingenious motive of keeping the ball a-rolling as long as he can.

Exception has been taken, and certainly not without reason, to the style in which the penny-a-liners couch their communications to the public. It is not that they are mysterious, or metaphysical, or grandiloquent, but that they are so remorselessly long-worded and long-winded. In truth, as they write by measure, and are literally paid by the yard, it is hardly to be expected that they will practise brevity and condensation; but they might come to the point a little sooner, and not torment while they instruct us, and they might condescend to abate a little of their sesquipedalian vocabulary. We always know the paragraphs of the penny-a-liner from those of the ordinary writers; with him a fire is not a fire, but a "devouring element," or a "tremendous conflagration;" a flood is a "devastating inundation;" a cup of tea is "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates;" a man is never drunk, but is in a "shameful condition of inebriety" if he is poor, and if he is rich is "very considerably elevated." These figures of speech—and he has hundreds of them at command—stand him in good stead, because they augment his pay, being transformed into figures of cash in the column of his weekly account.

Many odd stories have circulated from time to time concerning the members of the penny-a-lining profession. It is rumoured that one of the craft, walking with his friend on the banks of the canal, inadvertently elbowed him into the water; when, instead of stopping to pull him out, he sat down, pulled out his flimsy, and wrote an account of the accident in a most moving style, and then scampered off to transmit the copies to the editors. Of another it is affirmed that, having attended a launch at Woolwich, where thirty thousand persons were present, in the expectation of reaping a good harvest, and the whole thing going off without a single accident, he went home and took to his bed in sheer disappointment and chagrin. A third is said to have left the profession in disgust, because the corporation of London interfered with his traffic by fencing off the outer gallery of the monument, thus depriving him of the advantage he had reaped from the horrible mania for leaping off it. A fourth, it is said—but we will not cite any more of these rumours, which savour of disrespect: we hold them all to be slanders, got up at the expense of a useful body of

men, by whose industry we all profit more or less, and with whom we prefer to stand on friendly terms. It is true they live in good part by the misfortunes, the calamities, and catastrophes which desolate society; but what of that? the doctors, the lawyers and the undertakers do the same, yet no one accounts their calling dishonourable. In sober truth, we should be very sorry to miss the labours of the penny-a-liner from the columns of our newspapers; it is to him we are indebted for the main portion of the local intelligence which most immediately concerns us; he connects the world that lies far away with the world that circulates around us, and by keeping our sympathies alive in regard to matters with which we are nearly concerned, renders them more open to appeals on behalf of humanity in general.

There is, or there was not long ago, a certain centre of reunion in the very heart and focus of the city, where the subjects of our sketch are accustomed to meet for the transaction of business, for refreshment, or for the pursuit of their common calling when it suits their convenience. Here they sometimes discuss the interests of their community; here they club together for the support of afflicted brethren of the profession; and here they are all to be found on a certain evening of the week, to meet the paymasters from the several newspaper establishments of the city, who then settle all claims that have become due within the last seven days. We think we have been sufficiently communicative on the subject of these unrecognised professionals, and must be excused, therefore, for not directing the reader to their house of resort, as we have no wish to violate their privacy or subject them to the scrutiny of the curious.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST.

CHAPTER VI.

VERY little have I to say of the good qualities of the Indian of the Umpqua, but I could write many pages on the subject of his bad ones. Like all his brothers of the Fish-eating tribes, he is low in the scale of civilization. Physically and morally, he is greatly the inferior of the prairie Indian. But though the Fish-eating Indian's condition is frequently brought forward as an argument against a fish diet, from my own observations I am not disposed to accept this conclusion. On the contrary, I am inclined to believe that much, if not all, his inferiority is owing to another, and very simple circumstance, viz. the remarkably easy manner in which he obtains his daily bread, or rather fish. This cause makes him lazy, dirty, and inert. Who ever saw a savage exert himself if he could help it? I never did. The prairie Indian is compelled to resort to the chase to procure the game on which he lives, and this health-giving pursuit it is which imparts intelligence to his features, strength and comeliness to his body, and courage to his heart.

Red chivalry of the plains! methinks I see ye now, as with plume and lance, rifle and bow, bestriding the noble mustang, ye sweep along in hot pursuit of the gigantic bison or lordly stag. Look at the other picture—the Indian of the coast. We have seen how easily the common species of fish are caught by him; but salmon is his chief food, and to obtain it he seeks the rapids at the head of the river; and there, from June to August, by means of spear and net, with the greatest facility he helps himself to a store of the finest salmon in the world. Then, till the end of the year, a second-class salmon makes its appearance, called the dog or dog-toothed species, whose flesh is of a coarser and

redder description than our own fish at home. Of these the Indian always smokes and dries a sufficient store for his winter consumption. His squaws assist in the fishing, and invariably perform all the duties of the household, while the lazy male lounges in the sun in summer, and in the winter, ensconced in his smoky hut, in alternate eating, drinking, and sleeping, dreams away his life.

It will thus be seen that the occupation of the Fish-eating Indian becomes almost a sinecure. Can we wonder, then, that he is a fat, idle voluptuary, of deteriorated constitution, as his bad, irregular teeth—those almost invariable ornaments in a savage—plainly discover?

The hut of the Umpqua Indian is half sunk in the ground, and there is a kind of attic story to it, in which he keeps his stores of dried fish. It is built of a number of long planks, to each of which the owner attaches great value. Black with age and dirt, they have descended from father to son as heirlooms; and no wonder they are considered valuable, from the labour that has been bestowed upon them, for each of these planks was cut out of the solid tree by means of stone axes and other primeval instruments, long before the use of iron was known in the tribe. The dress of these people—of both sexes—is very scanty. When not possessed of an old shirt or blanket, the men generally have a species of matting, which partially covers them, and the women wear a skirt made from the fibres of bark. As a rule, a prolonged intimacy with these people was excessively undesirable, and to be tolerated but on business only, in consequence of their dirty habits and the peculiar odour of stale fish, which exhaled from their persons and habitations. Their demonstrations of memory and respect for their dead kindred was the only pleasant and amiable feature about them, in my estimation.

In the long solitary rambles which I took sometimes in pursuit of game, I noticed that any pleasant little glade of the forest was generally appropriated for the burial-place of an Indian. Many are the times I have rested in these little oases of the wilderness, which, screened on all sides, and partially overhung by giant trees, were carpeted by the greenest and softest of moss; and in the centre of this fairy area would be the grave, designated by a hillock, over which was piled the property of the departed, in the shape of his canoes and paddles, his weapons, fishing paraphernalia and domestic utensils. But these relics were all more or less shattered; for the mourners, wise in the midst of their sorrow, took good care that they should not be worth appropriation by the sacrilegious hands of strangers. Then again, it was the Umpqua custom to bewail their long-departed dead, as we read the eastern nations of old used to do, from the house-tops; and for hours and hours, on a fine summer's evening, from these positions they would join together in a deep monotonous dirge, which had an effect in the distance peculiarly plaintive and mournful.

Having made honourable mention of these *post mortem* customs, all interest and romance in these Indians ceases; for even the poetical imagination of the author of "Hiawatha" would recoil, dead beat, in an attempt to extract matter for sentiment amongst the Umpquaists. Unmasked they stand forth, lazy, worthless wretches, petty larcenists and prevaricators, inhospitable to a degree, and, though excessively mean themselves, most unscrupulous and greedy in asking favours of others. Cowardice also is inherent to them. If these coast tribes quarrel with each other, and even meet on a field of battle, they do not dare to close in fair fight, but the opposing forces are drawn up such a distance apart, that very little mischief is done by the missiles they direct against each other.

Cowardice is always linked to cruelty, and the coast Indians form no exception to the rule; as in the case of Elk river, which I have detailed, when they have a great numerical preponderance on their side, they will not hesitate to make a dastardly attack, and, if successful, will torture and put to death every remnant of the party. When I was in Umpqua, we despised the Indians too much to fear them, and really carried this feeling to the verge of fool-hardiness; for though we numbered about thirty, with a good stock of arms and ammunition, the Indians greatly outnumbered us, and our men were often scattered up and down the river in small parties, that could easily have been cut off in detail. In addition, we often neglected to carry fire-arms about with us. I believe we principally owed our safety to the cupidity of Old Jimmy, who no doubt had the sense to perceive that, in slaughtering us, he would only be killing the goose for its golden eggs, as thereby his trading with us would be at an end.

Another reason, which appealed strongly to his fears, stayed his hand, and that was, that we had always a ship in the harbour, as one arrived from San Francisco ere the "Raft" departed, and after that they came in quick succession. Old Jimmy would often slyly cross-examine us on this point; but, understanding his motives, we made him suppose that the ships came to take care of us, and if anything should happen to us at the hands of his tribe, a whole fleet would arrive that would destroy every Indian on the river. On the receipt of this intelligence, Old Jimmy would appear to be excessively perplexed and disappointed, and would retire to the beach and ponder over it, and scratch his head for hours together. At such periods we were generally aware that deputations from neighbouring tribes had visited ours, begging them to be allowed to aid them in a general massacre of the white men; and elderly James was much harassed by his feelings of personal interest and safety on the one side, and the gratification of his Indian instincts on the other. However, there was too much danger in adopting the last line of conduct, to please his chieftainship, and beyond committing paltry little thefts upon us, principally of provisions, which we overlooked, we were left unmolested, and perhaps not the less so, that one of the tribe who passed the rubicon of discretion in his conduct met with a prompt and terrible punishment.

By experience, I found that the Indian of real life, and he of the drama, or the poetical romances of Cooper, are entirely different animals; for whereas the latter seldom opens his mouth save to give utterance to some beautiful trope or metaphorical sentence, in the former his mode of converse is extremely sententious, brief, and to the point. His ideas incline entirely to matter-of-fact, and he cannot understand aught beside. Thus, in an agreement with an Indian, you must carry it out to the letter, or he is discontented, and fancies himself wronged. A ludicrous, yet annoying instance of this red-skin idiosyncrasy occurred to me at Umpqua. An Indian had performed a certain service for me, and as, of course, money is of no use to his colour, who do not know the value of it, he demanded a pair of pantaloons, which I agreed to give. Finding, however, when he came to claim his reward, that my wardrobe was somewhat deficient in specimens of the particular portion of attire, in an evil hour I presented him with a coat instead. Now, the coat was more valuable than the pantaloons; and, with regard to the relative utility of the two articles as clothing, one was just as good as another; for if an Indian can only obtain some portion of a white man's clothes to flourish about in—literally, to astonish the natives—it is quite a secondary consideration to him how

he puts it on. Thus, a coat may do duty for pantaloons, or *vice versa*, pantaloons for a coat. Apparently satisfied with this arrangement, the Indian went away, but only to return next day, to make me understand, by signs, etc., that he wanted the pantaloons I had promised him. As he had not brought back the coat, I was not disposed to agree to this, so I gave him, in addition, a waistcoat and some beads; and now, having paid him about thrice the value of what he was originally promised, reckoned according to the terms of barter we had arranged with the Indians, I felt assured that he would be perfectly satisfied. But I had reckoned without my host. Shortly afterwards the Indian again presented himself, and coolly demanded the fulfilment of my original promise. Of course this was not to be borne, and I tried to argue with him, stating that he had been trebly paid already, but that, if he must have his original demand, the other articles must be restored. But this view of the question my friend could not, or would not understand, and we parted mutually dissatisfied. But I had the worst of the argument ultimately. Of all duns, protect me from an Indian one. My self-created creditor haunted me. If he was not in my hut, squatting by the fire, gazing at me unmeaningly, with an injured and anxious countenance by the hour together, my eye was sure to light on his discontented figure if I looked out of the window, and when I went out shooting or fishing he followed moodily at a distance. This silent dogged persistency wore out my patience; if the fellow had spoken, or even threatened me, I could have reasoned or threatened in return. It was the old tale of Peter Schemel reversed; Peter's trouble was, that he had lost his shadow, whereas I could not get rid of mine. In this state of affairs I asked the advice of a friend well skilled in backwoods lore, and had the consolation of finding that the Indian was right and I was wrong; and that, whatever I had given to the former had nothing to do with my first promise, which must be redeemed, unless I wished for a feud with the whole tribe to which the Indian belonged. So with much grudging I made over the pantaloons; but, as may be imagined, I was very careful in my future dealings with Indians always to act strictly according to the letter of an agreement.

HOW THE REFORMATION SPREAD.

LUTHER's writings were read in cities, towns, and even villages; at night by the fireside the schoolmaster would often read them aloud to an attentive audience. Some of the hearers were affected by their perusal; they would take up the Bible to clear away their doubts, and were struck with surprise at the astonishing contrast between the Christianity of the Bible and their own. After oscillating between Rome and Scripture, they soon took refuge with that living Word which shed so new and sweet a radiance on their hearts. While they were in this state, some evangelical preacher, probably a priest or a monk, would arrive. He spoke eloquently and with conviction; he announced that Christ had made full atonement for the sins of his people; he demonstrated by Holy Scripture the vanity of works and human penances. A terrible opposition would then break out; the clergy, and sometimes the magistrates, would strain every nerve to bring back the souls they were about to lose. But there was in the new preaching a harmony with Scripture and a hidden force that won all hearts, and subdued even the most rebellious. At the peril of their goods, and of their life, if need be, they ranged themselves on the side of the gospel, and forsook the

lifeless and fanatical orators of the papacy. Sometimes the people, incensed at being so long misled, compelled them to retire; more frequently the priests, deserted by their flocks, without tithes or offerings, departed voluntarily and in sadness to seek a livelihood elsewhere. And while the supporters of the ancient hierarchy returned from these places sorrowful and dejected, and sometimes bidding farewell to their old flocks in the language of the anathema, the people, transported with joy by peace and liberty, surrounded the new preachers with their applause, and, thirsting for the Word of God, carried them in triumph into the church and into the pulpit. If they could not preach in the church, they found some other spot. Every place became a temple. At Husum, in Holstein, Hermann Tast, who was returning from Wittenberg, and against whom the clergy of the parish had closed the church doors, preached to an immense crowd in the cemetery, beneath the shade of two large trees, not far from the spot where, seven centuries before, Anskar had proclaimed the gospel to the heathen. At Arnstadt, Gaspard Güttel, an Augustine monk, preached in the market-place. At Dantzic, the gospel was announced on a little hill without the city. At Goslar, a Wittenberg student taught the new doctrines in a meadow planted with lime-trees; whence the evangelical Christians were denominated the *Lime-tree brethren*.

While the priests were exhibiting a sordid covetousness before the eyes of the people, the new preachers said to them, "Freely we have received, freely do we give." The idea often published by the new preachers from the pulpit, that Rome had formerly sent the Germans a corrupted gospel, and that now, for the first time, Germany heard the Word of Christ in its heavenly and primal beauty, produced a deep impression on men's minds. And the noble thought of the equality of all men, of a universal brotherhood in Jesus Christ, laid strong hold upon those souls which for so long a period had groaned beneath the yoke of feudalism and of the papacy of the Middle Ages.

Often would unlearned Christians, with the New Testament in their hands, undertake to justify the doctrine of the Reformation. The Catholics who remained faithful to Rome withdrew in affright; for to priests and monks alone had been assigned the task of studying sacred literature. The latter were therefore compelled to come forward; the conference began; but ere long, overwhelmed by the declarations of Holy Scripture cited by these laymen, the priests and monks knew not how to reply. . . . "Unhappily Luther had persuaded his followers," says Cochläus, "to put no faith in any other oracle than the Holy Scriptures." A shout was raised in the assembly, and proclaimed the scandalous ignorance of these old theologians, who had hitherto been reputed such great scholars by their own party.

Men of the lowest station, and even the weaker sex, with the aid of God's Word, persuaded and led away men's hearts. Extraordinary works are the result of extraordinary times. At Ingolstadt, under the eyes of Dr. Eck, a young weaver read Luther's works to the assembled crowd. In this very city, the university having resolved to compel a disciple of Melancthon to retract, a woman, named Argula de Staufen, undertook his defence, and challenged the doctors to a public disputation. Women and children, artisans and soldiers, knew more of the Bible than the doctors of the schools or the priests of the altars.

The ancient edifice was crumbling under the load of superstition and ignorance; the new one was rising on the foundations of faith and knowledge. New elements

entered deep into the lives of the people. Torpor and dulness were in all parts succeeded by a spirit of inquiry and a thirst for instruction. An active, enlightened, and living faith took the place of superstitious devotion and ascetic meditations. Works of piety succeeded bigoted observances and penances. The pulpit prevailed over the ceremonies of the altar; and the ancient and sovereign authority of God's Word was at length restored in the Church.

The printing-press, that powerful machine discovered in the fifteenth century, came to the support of all these exertions, and its terrible missiles were continually battering the walls of the enemy.

The impulse which the Reformation gave to popular literature in Germany was immense. Whilst in the year 1513 only thirty-five publications had appeared, and thirty-seven in 1517, the number of books increased with astonishing rapidity after the appearance of Luther's theses. In 1518 we find seventy-one different works; in 1519, one hundred and eleven; in 1520, two hundred and eight; in 1521, two hundred and eleven; in 1522, three hundred and forty-seven; and in 1523, four hundred and ninety-eight. . . . And where were all these published? for the most part at Wittenberg. And who were their authors? Generally Luther and his friends. In 1522 one hundred and thirty of the reformer's writings were published; and in the year following, one hundred and eighty-three. In this same year, only twenty Roman Catholic publications appeared. The literature of Germany thus saw the light in the midst of struggles, and contemporaneously with her religion. Already it appeared learned, profound, full of daring and life, as later times have seen it. The national spirit showed itself for the first time, and at the very moment of its birth received the baptism of fire from Christian enthusiasm.

What Luther and his friends composed, others circulated. Monks, convinced of the unlawfulness of monastic obligations, desirous of exchanging a long life of slothfulness for one of active exertion, but too ignorant to proclaim the Word of God, travelled through the provinces, visiting hamlets and cottages, where they sold the books of Luther and his friends. Germany soon swarmed with these bold-colporteurs. Printers and booksellers eagerly welcomed every writing in defence of the Reformation; but they rejected the books of the opposite party, as generally full of ignorance and barbarism. If any one of them ventured to sell a book in favour of the papacy, and offered it for sale in the fairs of Frankfort or elsewhere, merchants, purchasers, and men of letters overwhelmed him with ridicule and sarcasm. It was in vain that the emperor and princes had published severe edicts against the writings of the reformers. As soon as an inquisitorial visit was to be paid, the dealers, who had received secret intimation, concealed the books that it was intended to proscribe; and the multitude, ever eager for what is prohibited, immediately bought them up, and read them with the greater avidity. It was not only in Germany that such scenes were passing; Luther's writings were translated into French, Spanish, English, and Italian, and circulated among these nations.*

A GLIMPSE OF KENTUCKY.

We arrived at Cincinnati during all the excitement attending that momentous presidential election, which resulted in favour of Abraham Lincoln; and I witnessed, the same evening, a very curious demonstration in honour

* Merle d'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation."

of his democratic rival, Senator Douglas. Having dined in the Burnett House, we were attracted to the terrace by a loud and continuous beating of drums, accompanied by the most frantic yells; and on reaching a spot from which the street was visible, our eyes were dazzled by innumerable lanterns, bearing in strong relief the words, "Little Giants." Each light was guarded by a group of ten or a dozen men, and they moved in regular order to and fro before the windows of the hotel. The procession contained several thousand persons, and at intervals there were brass bands, or huge transparencies, representing Mr. Douglas in various attitudes of dignity and command. One artist had placed him upon a very small piece of free soil, spurning with his foot "old Abe," who staggered back towards an abyss labelled "Black Republic;" whilst another, moved by still greater zeal, gave the globe as a seat from which his hero beamed forth, with the reddest of noses, to the encouragement of all good democrats. Now they whisper around, that "the judge is on hand;" and soon the crowd part, right and left, as a short man, buttoned up to his chin and nearly overwhelmed by clamorous supporters, struggles to the balustrade, where, raising one arm, he cries hoarsely, "Fellow citizens!" The concourse of the "enlightened" below send up a mighty shout; and then, the judge, collecting all his energies, roars, "I am here to-night, to thank you"—second round of applause. The lanterns wave to and fro, the bands of music play a dozen different tunes, with distracting brilliancy; Judge Douglas is fairly lifted by a couple of strong fellows and held aloft for the admiration of his friends; that mass of human faces turns eagerly in the same direction; while hundreds of torches and lanterns throw a wild flickering light over the street.

"There seems no chance for your ticket in Cincinnati," I remarked, to a Connecticut friend at my elbow. "Wait a bit," he said calmly; "this is a bogus mass meeting; the million will soon make themselves felt;" and, sure enough, before many minutes, a disturbance could be observed, far away on the outskirts of the throng. Senator Douglas was attempting his third sentence, when a steady column of "Republican wide-awakes," each provided with a small lamp and oilskin cape, preceded, like their rivals, by strong-lunged musicians, broke upon the centre of exultant democracy and threw the assemblage into unutterable confusion.

"This present platform is bust up, sirr," said a voice in my ear, "and the Senator will have to slope, that's a fact."

A truer remark could not have been made; for, in less time than it takes to tell it, the unfortunate "Little Giants" were completely routed; their large transparencies smashed, and themselves, as the press next morning announced, "sort o' whipped." I believe that no lives were lost; though, after recent military exploits in that quarter of the world, this may not be thought surprising. However, "a jolly good row," in the British sense, certainly came off; and both parties plied their lantern-staves, rods about five feet long, with such vigour that mere spectators were glad to seek shelter in the hotel. Mr. Douglas, escaping with difficulty to his own apartment, was stated by a hostile journal to have consoled himself by "liquoring considerably, during the balance of the evening."

On the following morning I arrived, at an early hour, on the level or embankment of the Ohio river, to join the boat for Louisville. This stream, which in Europe would be of the first magnitude, is here but a tributary of the Mississippi, yet, so great is the body of water it contains at one period of the year, that, on the day of which I speak, being then in the very driest season, there

was a subsidence of more than forty feet perceptible on either bank; and down this steep incline our carriage dashed with alarming impetuosity.

"Now, sirree, yew must hurry up," cried the driver, as he stopped, with a jerk, almost on the steamer's gangway; "the order, 'Go ahead' 's been giv, only she's fast by the starn."

In fact, I had hardly gained the boiler-deck of the "Conqueror" before she worked herself off ground, by dint of high pressure, and rushed away at a great rate, down the broad, shining Ohio. The churches and house-tops were speedily hidden by a bend of the river, and last of all, the remarkable hill behind Cincinnati, with its abrupt yellow cliff and conspicuous steeple. The day was rather cold; and we passengers collected in a gallery near the starboard paddle box, and sat with our backs to one of the boilers, to obtain the highest possible temperature compatible with a view of the shore. A very long man, who whittled incessantly and occupied two chairs—the one to sit upon, and the back of the second to support his legs—taxed me with my nationality, observing, "Guess, stree-anger, you air a Britisher."

"Yes," I replied; "proud of it too."

"No harm in that, anyway, each crittur conceits his own location to be the best; but we did whip you, that's a fact." Being unwilling to continue upon such delicate ground, I inquired abruptly, "Is there much danger of getting snagged on this river?"

"Wall! don't be skeered; but it's an even chance if that part of your edication ain't fixed up this very night."

"What happens after a vessel is snagged?" I ventured to inquire. The enlightened citizen at my side poised himself on his chairs, removed the cigar from his mouth with one hand, and making an expressive flourish with his whittling knife in the other, remarked scornfully, "Happen! she'd rip; yes, sirr, there'd be a smash up, that's all."

The dinner-bell now sounded, and we crammed into the grand cabin, where, according to custom, the ladies were allowed five minutes start, and then, in scarcely more time, the meal was disposed of—no unnecessary ceremony being allowed to delay its course. The shores of Ohio and Kentucky can boast of little beauty, and neither State displays much cultivation along its river-side; but the few towns at which we stopped were on the northern bank—free soil—which has slightly the advantage, as regards a civilized appearance. Having slept in the usual narrow state-room, with as much comfort as the violent gyration of the machinery would permit, we found ourselves, at the first dawn, moored to a jetty at Louisville, and, after an immense amount of wrangling over the baggage, were conveyed, in different vehicles, to the Galt House (hotel), and there sought a second period of repose.

Having resolved to proceed southward by the first train, I was soon obliged to continue my journey, and, after failing to make a good breakfast in the allotted period of four minutes, I reached the railroad depot and entered a car, in which were several coloured persons, evidently "held to labour," as American lawyers describe the servile condition. One is struck by the curious fact that, whilst in New England and Pennsylvania, free negroes are rigidly excluded from all public buildings and conveyances, they are, in the slave-holding South, treated more on the footing of domestic animals, and admitted almost everywhere, if accompanied by their owners. My neighbour was an overseer, and we presently fell into conversation respecting the treatment of "darkies" generally—not as a question of moral right,

but merely in the tone which Mr. Rarey might take while discussing his profession with a rough-rider. I inquired if good treatment did not make the field hands do their work better than punishment.

"Wall, sirr, I reckon a smart whipping now and then keeps niggers in better order than anything else. I was bred an Abolitionist, down East; but when I kimmied to try them sort of notions on a plantation, my uncle Tommyism gave way before the logic of facts, and they call me ree-ather hard on the darkies now."

I reserved my opinion on this statement, as became a prudent traveller, for the overseer had a sword cane by his side, and a development in the coat collar suggesting bowie-knives. Having delivered himself of his principles, he fell to talking about the prospects of a sale down South, for the three "boys" sitting before us, who were to be "auctioned" at Memphis, unless they could be traded away advantageously during the journey thither.

We were now passing through a pretty wooded country, not unlike the Forest of Deane, with an occasional clearing, and, at rare intervals, some clusters of log-houses, called after this or that European city. The line was very bad, with such sudden curves and uneven slopes as made the motion unbearable, even at twenty miles an hour. At length, every trace of cultivation disappeared; a pathless forest seemed to spread over the whole district, and the change was quite a relief, when we ran into a cleared space of a hundred acres and found the wooden hotel, described on the map as Cave City, where I alighted, to explore the subterranean wonders of Kentucky. The cars moved off, and silence settled down upon the scene. There was the hotel, with its shingle roof and green blinds, a few shanties, built of untrimmed logs, and the railway track losing itself amid thick green foliage which surrounded the city. Another passenger, bent on the same errand with myself, was the only person visible when the train had departed, and, as a common cause formed sufficient introduction, we soon became firm allies, and commenced a search for the inhabitants of the place. Presently some little darkies approached us cautiously, and cried, with one voice, "They's all gone up street. You'll be fussed to wait, sar!" and then ran off with a loud "Yah, yah!" and in truth, there was nothing for it but to enter the hotel coffee-room—an unfurnished apartment—and there, sheltered from the sun, which, even so late in the year, was unpleasantly hot, we remained grumbling, until an old negro peeped in at the window and said, "Berry sorry, but dem horses not easy to catch. Howbee, de stage start now right away." As he finished speaking, a heavy carriage, of the post-chaise description, lumbered up to the door. Its driver briefly explained, that his "bos was out on business, and had taken the regular horses with him, so, when they saw the cars stop, they sloped over the allotment, to catch those critturs;" and he pointed to a pair of unbroken colts, whose appearance would have deterred over-cautious persons from trusting themselves in the stage aforementioned. We knew that this was our only chance of getting forward; so all scruples were discarded, the door closed on us, the aged nigger bolted to a place of safety, and, after several minutes of plunging and kicking, away we went, with what my companion termed a "lightning run."

Our road was of a kind known in America as "corduroy;" that is, composed of logs laid across the track, side by side, the intervals being filled with earth; but, as this last deposit soon gets washed away, it may be readily imagined that our ride of ten miles through the woods was far from agreeable. Several times did the horses swerve from their course, and drag us either against

a tree or into some heap of fallen leaves, where the wheels became imbedded; but my American friend appeared unmoved by such trifling incidents, and chatted merrily about the pending election. He was a young man from Charleston, and expressed great indignation against the Republican party and Northerners generally, vowing that if Abe Lincoln became president South Carolina would separate herself from the Union; "in which case," he added—and his sentiment is a key to many subsequent events—"you Britishers would be forced to join us for the sake of cotton, and we together would soon sink those Yankees below the horizon."

I little thought how soon these wild words were to become realities, and was arguing in favour of more moderate policy, when we arrived at a gallop before a large barn-like building, described on its front as the "Mammoth Cave Hotel." In summer this spot is much frequented, and sometimes more than five hundred guests have encamped about the rickety structure in question. But during my visit it was deserted, save by a solitary Englishman, who, maintaining characteristic silence, sat apart and smoked, with folded arms. Now came the exploration, and, preceded by a guide bearing several lamps, we stumbled into what seemed little more than a small quarry. A low, natural archway led down into the darkest possible sort of ante-room, where our lamps were lighted, and we followed, in single file, along a gallery which was formerly used for saltpetre works. These are now abandoned, as is also a scheme for a consumptive hospital, which, it was thought, must succeed, on account of the even temperature in the cave; but the patients died from want of light.

I will attempt no description of these mammoth caves, as the subject would require a volume to itself. We passed through the "Fat Man's Misery," a passage only eleven inches wide, saw the lake famous for its eyeless fish, and the chapel, where immense stalactites exactly resemble Gothic columns, and in which some eccentric couples have been married, three miles under ground. This distance was but a quarter of the journey, which we performed before returning to upper air. Some of the chambers are of imposing size, and, had the enterprising Bostonian who undertook to light them with gas succeeded in his speculation, they would be magnificent. But the whole effect is too much like Paddy's view of Strasbourg spire at midnight—"moighty fine, only you can't see it." Once, indeed, a Bengal light was thrown by our guide down a cavern of profound depth, and revealed in its descent recesses larger than many an old cathedral. After a tramp of four hours we were glad to see again a faint speck of daylight, and hurried forward to the entrance, where the atmosphere was very oppressive, and the insect hum from surrounding thickets contrasted forcibly with that unbroken silence which reigns throughout the caves.

Mutual adventures must have a softening and enlivening tendency, for my compatriot shook hands with me on re-entering the hotel. The young Carolinian volunteered a song; and our landlord, sitting down with us in the verandah, talked pretty high about the distinguished visitors whom he had entertained. "Yes, sirr, the day will come when no man that hasn't seen this stupendous natural institution will venture to call himself a civilized crittur. Why, in a few years, the whole of creation will flock to this hotel as nat'rally as young niggers sucks the green cane; and the president himself won't count for much beside of me." I fear that my host has not yet seen the fulfilment of his prediction; and, indeed, his establishment must have been broken up by the civil war in Kentucky.